

ONE CHRISTMAS AT SANTIPORE. ROGONATH.

CRADLE ROLL NEWS.

THE MISSIONARY HELPER

Faith and Works Win —

VOL. XXX

NOVEMBER, 1905

No. 11

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FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

MOTTO: *Faith and Works Win.*

VOL. XXX

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The Better Plan

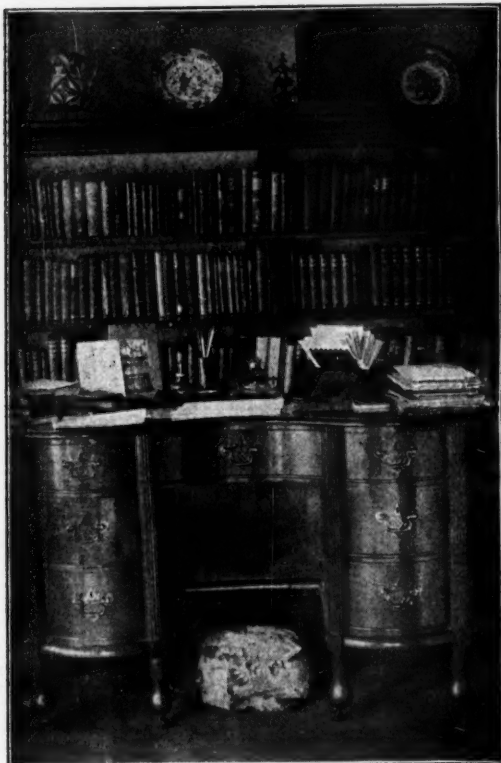
A child came close to his teacher's side,
His book tight clasped in his little hand.
"Teacher," he said, with wistful eyes,
"We're coming to words that I don't understand.
I've turned the pages over and over,
And the words are so big, and they're all so new,
When we come to the lessons where they are put,
O teacher, I don't know what I'll do."

The teacher smiled at the troubled face,
And tenderly stroked the curly head:
"Before we reach them, I think you will learn
The way to read them," she gently said;
"But if you shouldn't, I'll help you then.
And don't you think that the wisest plan
Is to learn the lesson that comes to-day,
And learn it the very best you can?"

And it seems to me; it is so with us;
We look at the days that are still ahead—
The days that perchance may never be ours—
With a pitiless longing and nameless dread.
But surely the Teacher who gives the task
Will lovingly watch, as we try to read
With faltering tongue and tear-dimmed eyes,
And will help His children in time of need.

—Selected.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK



Many of the pleasant things which happened *by the way*, at Annual Meeting, cannot be told in a report. We wish that each one of you might have been there. Did you not receive wireless messages from the meetings? Please extend the work for our MISSIONARY HELPER as far and as fast as possible. Miss Bragdon of Dexter, Me.,— who is one of the thirteen women who pledged, at the State Asso., to be responsible for five new subscriptions— sent six new names within three weeks, thus doing even better than she promised. ... A post card dated "Honolulu, Sept. 27," brings the following from Miss Coombs, "All right so far. Had quite

a bout with sea sickness, but have conquered. Several missionaries on board. Only one beside myself from India." ... The *Star in the East*, the bright little official organ of the Maine W. C. T. U., says in a note about the State Convention, "Mrs. Phillips, formerly president of India W. C. T. U., and now connected with the new Union at Bowdoin, was present and gave much needed help by earnest and inspiring words." ... Have you read Mrs. Phillips' article, "Something Inspirational" in the *Morning Star* of Oct. 5? It is too good to be overlooked. The articles by Prof. Moore on "Egypt and Its Wonders" will help us in our study of Africa. *The Missionary Review of the World* for October contains the story of "An African Missionary in Africa." If you are within reach of a public library which does not have that valuable magazine on its reading room table, why not file a request for it? Many missionary workers would be glad to refer to it. ... We return hearty thanks to Mrs. Hamlen, Miss Coombs, Dr. Mary Bacheler and Miss Costellow, for gifts of India curios to the HELPER library. ... Just to whet your appetite, let the editor whisper that there are some very appetizing articles in that middle right-hand drawer of the desk!

AT ANNUAL MEETING

(SOMERSWORTH, N. H., OCT. 11, 12)

All Wednesday afternoon and evening the Board of Managers of the F. B. W. M. S. were busy making appropriations and apportionments, discussing the joint Committee Plan and Helper interests, the reports of which will appear in detail in December.

To a humble on-looker it would seem as though such long hours of concentrated thought and intense activity must result in nervous prostration; but the sweet spirit that pervaded the discussions, the frequent prayers, the observance of the Quiet Hour, all served to clear the mental atmosphere and keep the individual from becoming over-weary. In fact, after a peculiarly exhausting discussion on Thursday afternoon, one of the general officers exclaimed, joyously: "Haven't we had a good time!" which proves that it is all in the point of view.

After a sharp rain—which kept some of our workers at home—Thursday morning, the sun came out gloriously, and its brightness was reflected in the faces of the women gathered in the pleasant church at Somersworth, made especially attractive for the occasion with autumn leaves, ferns and flowers. The heart-warm welcome which we received at the church and in the homes, together with the very substantial recognition of our material needs, in the dining room—without money and without price—made us feel that our pleasure was mutual; and the social minutes between the working hours were full of good cheer. Gray hairs and difficult problems seemed quite forgotten. Several of our brothers were in constant attendance; one, at least, a life member of the W. M. S., who declared that he was ready for all the duties and privileges such membership demands. It was a great pleasure to have again with us, our President, Mrs. Mary A. Davis, who presided throughout the meeting.

At the Thursday morning devotional service, the leader urged that we work for the day as though it were the last day of our lives—not sadly, but joyfully.

"We should waste no moments in weak regret,
If the day were but one;
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous selves set free,
To work or to pray,
And be what the Father would have us to be,
If we had but a day!"

The remainder of the forenoon was devoted to the annual reports which were of vital interest to the workers. It is not necessary to review them here, since they will be printed in full in our next number. Several women emphasized the importance of observing the Quiet Hour at 10 A. M.

The afternoon meeting was opened by a devotional service conducted by Mrs. Cousins of Maine. Mrs. Webber, in behalf of the Somersworth Auxiliary, graciously welcomed us to the state made famous by the recent Peace Conference, as well as to the city, the church and the homes. Mrs. Mary A. Davis, National President, made fitting response. Election of officers followed. The list is, in the main, the same as last year, except that the resignation of Mrs. George, Secretary of the Cradle Roll of Little Light Bearers, was accepted with great regret. She has been a most faithful and loving leader in this important branch of our work. Mrs. Harriet Phillips Stone was elected a member of the Board of Managers. The Joint Committee Plan was then read by the Recording Secretary and the following is the official announcement concerning it:

The report of the Joint Committee, in connection with conditions prepared by a committee appointed by the Woman's Board, was presented to the Society. After a long discussion, it was voted to accept the plan provided the conditions were met, and it now gives to the Board of General Conference for final consideration. Our regular appropriations for India were made and the year's work planned, as usual. We expect the same loyal interest and faithful action as has characterized our workers in the past.

ALICE M. METCALF, Rec. Sec.

Earnest prayers, by several women, followed this action, and Mrs. Mary R. Phillips spoke feelingly of the "step forward."

The closing discussion was in the interest of the Missionary Helper and it was a lively one, giving proof positive that our little magazine has many ardent friends. Some time ago, it was learned with dismay that there has been a falling off of two hundred subscribers in the past year. It should be said to the credit of Rhode Island that there has been an addition to the subscription list in that state. The new Helper campaign began at the Maine meeting in September, thirteen women pledging themselves to become responsible for five new subscribers each. One, at least, has already more than fulfilled her pledge. Our publisher, Mrs. Andrews, and Miss DeMeritte went to the platform, on Thursday afternoon, and called for pledges, both for subscribers and for shares in the Helper. In a very few minutes twelve persons had pledged to be responsible for five new subscribers for three years, and nine shares were taken at three dollars a year. This is but the beginning. It is urged that every state take up the work, and that many loyal friends of the Helper send in their pledges to the publisher, Mrs. Ella H. Andrews, 122 Vinton St., Providence, R. I. It was emphasized that this special work must be done without conflicting with the regular work of Helper agents.

The public meeting in the evening was both helpful and attractive. Prayer was offered by the pastor, Rev. Austin I. Davis. The fine music by the choir and the beautiful solo by Mrs. Houston of Dover, added

much to the enjoyment of the evening. Mrs. M. W. Thomas of Maine gave a very practical, finely prepared and delivered address on "Woman's Missionary Auxiliaries; Why, How, What?" and Mrs. Mary R. Phillips of India, in an address, "India As I see It," carried her audience in imagination with her to view the sun rise above the snow crowned peaks of the Himalayas, the exquisite Taj Mahal, the unlovely temple worship at Benares, the remarkable work of Pundita Ramabai, "The greatest woman of the present time," and finally to our F. B. Santipore Station and our general work in India, commending what has been done and pleading for a wider work in the future.

Miss DeMeritte awarded the Silver Necklet. Congratulations to Vermont! and then "Good night" and "Good-bye." Our thirty-second annual meeting was over.

ROGONATH:—FROM HINDUISM TO CHRIST

BY ADA LEE.

It was a busy day—so many things that must be done; and yet one of those days when one seems to accomplish nothing.

"Mem shahib!" (Lady.)

"Who is there?"

The gate keeper answers: "Solomon Babu has come."

"There's old Solomon; another interruption; I wonder what he wants?" we say under our breath; and to the man outside: "Let him come in."

Soon appeared the old man with long white hair, a Christian teacher in the High School. Following closely behind him was a nice-looking, open-faced boy of sixteen.

"This boy," said Solomon, "I have brought to you. His name is Rogonath. Hear his story. Here, my boy, is the missionary. Tell her what you want."

After the usual Bengali salutation he said, a little hesitatingly, "I want an education."

"Where are you from?" I asked.

"My native village is many miles from here. My mother died several years ago; and now nearly two years have passed since my father went to the other world. I can't read, there is no school in our village. I came all this way to find someone who would send me to school. My father gave me fifty rupees (about seventeen dollars) when he was dying. I have saved fifteen rupees of that, which I will give to anyone who will educate me."

We were struck with the business-like manner of the boy, and said:

"You are a Hindu, are you not?"

"Yes, I am a Kiasta." (One of the higher castes.)

"Did you ever hear of Christ?"

"No."

"Are there no missionaries in your country?"

"No, the first time I ever heard a missionary preach was yesterday, on a square in this city."

"Do you not know that we are Christians, and if we were to put you into the boarding school you would break caste, and then your friends would never own you nor eat with you?"

"I do not care for caste if I can only learn to read and write."

"Then you can't worship idols if you come to us."

"If it is wrong to worship idols I will not worship them any more."

"You will have to give up the 'hooka' (pipe.) No boy is allowed to use tobacco in our schools."

"That will not be hard for me, for I never used tobacco."

"You will have to be careful not to quarrel nor use bad language among us."

"I do not wish to do any of these things. I will try to please you always."

Then, to test him further, I said: "Oh, your story is false. You have had a quarrel with your father, and he has beaten you and you have run away. Some of them will be after you to take you home."

"My story is true. Look here," jerking off his coat and exposing his bare back, "you can't find a mark! I have not been beaten. No one will ever come to take me away. Now, if you will be a mother to me, I will be to you a true son."

I could not help believing him and said: "All right, come and we will send you over to the boarding school."

"Let me first go," he said, "and bring you the money and get my other clothes."

I looked disappointed, but he said:

"You think I will not come back. Here," taking his shawl from about him and handing it to me, "and here," unbuttoning his coat.

"No, the shawl will do," I said. "This is your pledge. I will lay it on Mr. Lee's desk until you come and claim it."

We warned him about keeping silent in the Hindu house where he

had stayed the night before and had left his things. He went away; and, although he did not return that night, and we feared he had been hindered, next morning when the door was unlocked, Rogonath was standing outside; and, coming with a bound up the steps, said, smiling:

"Did you think I was not coming? Here is my money. I was afraid to come last night through the streets lest someone would steal it."

He handed me the fifteen rupees and entered school, and began with his letters among little boys of five or six years of age. But it was not long until he had pushed his way up into the higher classes. His honest, straightforward, manly ways soon won teachers and classmates, and he was beloved and honored by all.

As soon as he was able to read he began to study the Bible and to attend our church services regularly. In one of our meetings he sought the Saviour, and soon after asked for baptism and joined the church. He never disappointed us; but his strength of character and habits of life have convinced us that there is many a noble boy hid away in Hinduism, who would be useful and good if he only had a chance.

After getting a good common education he asked to be allowed to learn a trade that he might earn his own way. He entered the dental office of our American dentists, where he is trusted with the most valuable treasures necessary to that work, and has never betrayed his trust. He asked to live in a small outhouse connected with our place, saying he never would leave me. And he often said:

"I never could bear the thought of causing you a sorrow, for if I were your own son I could not love you more."

And he has a mother's love in return, and this relation now covers eight years.

A few months ago a young man came to us, a Hindu, and asked for baptism. We questioned him as to his reasons for forsaking idolatry. We asked him if he read the Bible; he said no. Had he heard of Christ? He answered:

"I work in the same office with Rogonath, and I know only what he has taught me of Christ. But what has impressed me is his life. I have never known him tell a lie nor take a thing that does not belong to him. He is kind and good to all; and I believe in the kind of religion that he has. It must be the true God that he worships."

And we found Rogonath was preaching Christ by his daily life. He never was known to use tobacco; and his life has often been, in this

respect, a rebuke to American and English young men who come from Christian lands. His habit of saving his earnings and the care of his clothes, and his bodily cleanliness were traits of character which greatly pleased us. His conscientiousness in the matter of marriage and other relations in life would be worthy of imitation for many born in Christian



SHULOCHONA—ROGONATH'S WIFE

lands. The one he chose for his wife, and whom we gladly gave him in marriage, was a girl born of heathen parents, as he, but brought up in a Mission school; taken in—a motherless babe. She is a lovely woman and delights in helping others. She has been trained as a nurse and cares for our sick (see illustration), and proves a devoted wife.

Rogonath often testifies to his faith in Jesus and of the peace of God that fills his heart. India's greatest need is the light of just such a life and the influence of such a home as he has established. We thank God that He ever sent him to us, and that we have had the honor of filling a mother's place to him, and rejoice to know that these are to be among the jewels gathered from India.

So we press on to find and save others, and as many as God permits. It will be added joy in Heaven to meet our India girls and boys and men and women God has helped us to lead to Him. Would that more of our friends at home knew the privilege of aiding in such a service!

[We are indebted to Mrs. Lee of Calcutta for the use of the foregoing story which originally appeared in leaflet form; also for the accompanying cut. The postscript, written by Miss Barnes, not only brings the story to date, but also makes it of personal interest to every member of our Missionary Society.—EDITOR.]

"Shulochona" is *our* *Sulie*, as we always called her, who has lived nearly all her life in Sinclair Orphanage, Balasore. She was supported for years by the friends in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. This is an excellent picture of her. In the summer of 1902 she went to Mrs. Lee's school in Calcutta and there she has learned to nurse the sick. The friends in our mission who knew and loved her were very thankful to know God had given her such a good husband. But he was with her only a short time. Mrs. Lee recently wrote me, "I am sure you will be sorry to hear that before my story was out, Rogonath left us to be with God. His death was a victory and he assured me when going that he would be waiting for us in Heaven. It was a sad stroke for Shulochona. She did nurse him so faithfully to the last. She had only been married a few months when she became a widow. She has gone back into her work of nursing the sick and is a great help and comfort to us. Pray for her."

Some people ask, "Do missions pay?" The contrast between the life and death of a Hindu and a true Christian man is great, and between the life of a Hindu and a Christian widow the contrast is also great. *Christ Jesus has the power to make it so.* Dear Friends, let us do all in our power, by prayer and otherwise, to help those whom God sends to recommend and introduce Him to as many as possible.

E. E. BARNES.

ONE CHRISTMAS AT SANTIPORE

BY MARY R. PHILLIPS

However sacredly we regard Christmas in a Christian country, it has a deeper and a brighter significance in a land teeming with idols. Long shall I remember my first Christmas at Santipore. Dr. Nellie Phillips was there then. A week before this joyful holiday, she and I were invited to a meeting of young men in "Ma Phillips' "cozy little house. We were courteously assured that they wished to take the whole burden of the Christmas tree and entertainment upon themselves, but they wanted a little advice.

"It's this," an impulsive leader shouted, "how can we have some fun, and laugh as you foreigners do?" Dr. Nellie said, "Santa Claus is a very funny old fellow, we think"—and then described him to the general amusement of all. It was immediately moved and seconded that this foreign Santa Claus should play his part, in the Santipore drama.

"Who will be Santa Claus?" naturally followed. With one voice they all cried: "Mohendra, Mohendra, if he only crosses the threshold people begin to laugh, however sad they may be." Mohendra was duly elected, the committees appointed, and I left, wondering if Dr. Nellie would let them manage this one great day in the year alone.

I watched and waited with intense interest until Christmas Eve, and then ventured to ask her if she had forgotten that the next day was Christmas. "Oh no, but the young men will be hurt if I don't trust the celebration to their keeping." Wonderful missionary, herein was the secret of her marvelous power. She trusted her young men, and let them carry the burden of a sacred Christmas joy, for a whole village in the heart of the jungle.

The next morning the Christian community was up at daybreak. One company of young men started for the tree, another for evergreen trimming for the little thatched church which the women were cleaning. Boys were sweeping from the paths the leaves which had fallen from the great banyan and pekul trees; girls were seated in groups making cornucopias; children ran wild everywhere, clapping their pretty little hands and shouting, "*Bada din aj rat! Bada din aj rat!*" (a big day tonight, a big day tonight.) Dear old women, shivering in their threadbare *Saris*, came and begged us to hang new *Saris* on the tree for them. Sweetmeat men with full baskets sat under the trees, and the three little shops nearly sold out their wares before dark. There was a world

of pathos and tenderness wrapt up in those rude little toys, six for a pice—half a cent.

Just after dark, all was ready and the church gong, a brass plate which hung in a grand old banyan, rang out a loud and clear call to the Christmas tree. In arches of delicate green plantain leaves, high over each church gate, lighted with tiny lamps, stood out in large black letters the word "Welcome." In a few minutes the church was filled to overflowing, save the little spot reserved for the table, our Santipore pulpit, and the singers. Men and women, who had been too feeble to come to church since the last Christmas, those who never dared to leave their homes entirely alone at any other time; indeed, nearly to a man, woman, and child the Christian village was there. Neighboring Santal villagers came too. Hindus who ridiculed the Christian religion and Christians were invited in, and wonderingly gazed at the Christmas tree that stood in memory of the despised Nazarene.

The pastor read that unparalleled account of "Shepherds watching their flocks by night," while the very Heavens opened, and those blessed words, "On earth, Peace, good will toward men" come down, and have been flowing on through twenty centuries, widening and deepening in their mighty course. Then, in a few words that must have gone home to every Hindu heart, he told the children the "old, old story" of a Saviour who was born in Bethlehem, and died on the cross for them; for their fathers and mothers; for the poor Santals and the rich Brahmins, who had great idols in their homes, before which the mothers brought their little ones, clasped their tiny hands and taught them to pray.

Then with an eloquence that only a native pastor pleading with his own heathen brothers could command, he said to them, "Contrast our festival with yours, and the respective fruits of each. We all know that every educated Hindu who has read the Bible, assigns to Jesus Christ the purest life, the holiest motives, and entire self surrender for the good of the world. In the whole catalog of heathen gods is there one which is not the very personification of cruelty, deceit, pollution and supreme selfishness? This heavenly message, "On earth, Peace, good will toward men," Jesus Christ has sent to you. Tonight in our festival, on this tree, and in this audience, you see our good will and our love for one another and for you, and we gladly welcome you. We shall go away from here and plead all the year with men to live peacefully and lovingly. The remembrance of Christ not only helps us, but He hears

us when we pray, and our children are learning of the one sinless man, who ever walked this earth. You have your great festivals and remember the dying groans of innocent little animals, and the flowers that have withered as they hung on your huge idols, but worse than this, your beautiful children, made in the image of God, have looked on those terrible, bloody, obscene idols, and have learned lessons in sin and selfishness that all the waters of the Ganges can never wash away. Brothers, we welcome you to a feast of joy. We welcome you to a Saviour of men, and a haven of rest."

He then offered a most earnest prayer that christian and heathen might be brothers, with Christ for their elder Brother and Guide, and that He might lead them and their children straight to the Heavenly home. The breathless silence that prevailed made us feel that one night had in it a whole year's service, and that heathen men were brought nearer the great loving heart than ever before.

The choir composed of young men had its turn next. It was accompanied with as many musical instruments as could be bought, begged or borrowed. Violins shrieked, drums thundered, cymbals clashed, tiny little jew's-harps squeaked, and the nameless, one-stringed instrument added the minor note, which perhaps touches the heart cords quickest of any. Altogether, in and out of time, each played its part. Twenty masculine voices rose above it all. If the rafters didn't quake, *we* did. Though harmony was lost in heartiness, we were quite ready to encore the whole choir. Then children recited pretty little things in the beautifully babylike Oriya language and sang in their own sweet way.

Santa Claus was announced. Imagine our surprise, when in walked a missionary gentleman, in the ordinary mission garb, with very gray hair, and a flowing white beard, not quite in keeping with the quick, nimble step and the keen, flashing eye. We soon discovered, however, that one of the devout missionaries from another station was being well personified. As our roguish Mohendra, then in his teens, who had been elected Santa Claus, stood solemnly before the audience, repeating, almost word for word, the good advice and solemn warnings which the missionary had, consciously and unconsciously, given to the Christians. All was said with the missionary's pronunciation and Anglo-Indian idiom, both replete with most ludicrous blunders. Of course the house, we with the rest, was convulsed with laughter, but the climax was

reached when he left the platform and walked around to the mothers and urged them to train up their children to be an honor to his gray hairs, frequently using the word "sorry" and mispronouncing it as missionaries do ninety-nine times out of a hundred. As he came back to the children seated in front, he patted their little heads and told them how sorry he felt for them and how he loved them, then he sat down amidst a roar of applause, leaving us to realize as never before the innate ability of the native, his marvelous self-control, and enviable memory. We were thankful for his yankee gift in guessing the real meaning of the words, which the missionaries pronounce so misleadingly, and we were glad that so much that was good had lodged in one head, and possibly in one heart.

The leader called the choir to sing us into order. Then, one by one, the presents were taken from the tree and distributed. Plump little hands grasped their valueless, but to them invaluable gifts, while the trembling old mothers hugged their Saris with tears in their eyes and strong men accepted gracefully the cornucopia of sweetmeats prepared for each one. I received one, too, and a *live chicken*. The special sweets that had been set aside for the Santals alone, were given to them. Then we all went home rejoicing.

The remembrance of that bright night comes back delightfully, even today, on this foreign shore.

If you would be miserable, look within.

If you would be distracted, look around.

If you would be happy, look up.

—*Scottish Reformer*.

THE REWARD OF EARNESTNESS

Christ met multitudes of men in Jericho one day. But so far as we know He picked out only two for special blessing. The reason was that these two were the most in earnest. Bartimeus would be heard, though others tried to hush his voice; Zaccheus would see, though the crowd overtopped him. So these two won the rewards of earnestness. A vague desire will never bring us close to Christ; we must be in earnest.

—*Presbyterian*.

One of the duties of today is to qualify yourself for tomorrow.—
Scottish Reformer.

IN THE CRADLE ROLL CIRCLE

BY A. M. L. G.

Leaves of red and yellow drift past the window, their graceful flight telling a stern story of passing hours and that what is to be done shall be done quickly. We are so apt to "put off" until treasures of accomplishment, rich jewels of helpful deeds, have passed beyond our grasp.

Some beautiful messages from earnest hearts have come in, this quarter. The beauty and tenderness of this work for little children grows upon one. Surely there are enough of us in this world so that the little children may have everything done for them that their good demands. I want to say once more that there is not anything hard or puzzling about this phase of child-keeping. You who do not feel equal to such tasks, but have the gifts of love and faithfulness to bestow, come with us and walk with the children along the King's Highway.

It is getting rather cold for Rallies now. Suppose we do individual work. "Run in" to see the mothers and babies, carry a little leaflet with you, talk a bit about Sinclair Orphanage children—some of the mothers know too little about these things. Take the Helper of last April with you and show the picture of these children. Can you point out our own? Ana, Jennie, Bijou? A beautiful thing to do would be to gather the mothers in your sitting room and talk of some problem in child nurture. The pastor's wife will help you, I think, in most cases, or the president of your auxiliary.

In Winnebago, Minn., we have a little lady of thirteen as Cradle Roll superintendent. The Roll has passed into her hands by the inability of others to care for it and she says, "I am young but am doing my best." Young or older, there is no higher praise for any of us than for the Master to so say of us. And no one can attempt more. The Roll of Winona, Minn., has taken on new life. Mrs. W. C. Frye is in charge.

Mrs. G. N. Garland of Manchester writes that she has now fifty members on her Roll with more in sight. She has an assistant, Mrs. Arthur Dickey. Reports from Kansas are very encouraging. Mrs. Abbey has twenty-one members in her home Roll.

North Danville, Vt., is forming a Cradle Roll. Welcome also to a new Roll at Dexter, Me. Let us have many new ones and *keep them all*. State secretaries, please make it a point *never to lose a Roll*, if it can be helped.

One of the State Secretaries wails, "If every one would be careful to answer our letters, if only by a postal card, it would help the work so much!" Of course it would! Oh, you, who read, don't forget this. Our pictures of Little Light Bearers always excite much interest. The expense of one of these is not large and if any superintendent has a picture from which she would like a cut made, I shall be glad to hear from her.

Mrs. Nellie Buffum has been made Secretary for Michigan. She is cordially welcomed to our number, as is also Mrs. L. W. Pease of Wheelock, who will see what can be done for us in Vermont.

Mrs. Hall, of Rhode Island, has had several years of work for the Cradle Roll. She writes, "This work has meant much for our church, for we have people attending who did not go to church at all. And, too, I love the work more and more." Some of Mrs. Halls' methods are very interesting and you shall hear of them later.

A poem by a loved writer has come to us this month. With its burden of comfort and undertone of joy, please read carefully its fifth verse. There is no other way to serve the little ones whom Jesus has called than by doing for others here.

THE CRADLE ROLL OF HEAVEN

BY MRS. MARY WINGATE

A little life has passed away
In quiet, peaceful slumber.
We miss a precious one today,
A pet lamb from our number.

We count a child, so pure and fair,
The sweetest thing on earth.
What grace and beauty must it wear
In its celestial birth.

Our Father gently called away
The child his love had given.
The little one has joined today
The cradle roll of Heaven.

We bring the blossoms, pure and sweet,
In token of our love;
But fairer flowers its eyes shall greet
In that bright world above.

Its little light of priceless worth
Has risen to a flame.
We'll flash its rays o'er all the earth
By giving in its name.

To dark-browed babes in heathen lands
Its light shall still be given.
We're linked to you by loving bands,
O cradle roll of Heaven.

SOME CRADLE ROLL RALLIES

The Cradle Roll of the Free Baptist church of Bristol, N. H., observed Rally Day, July 6, 1905. The ladies of the Missionary Society gave a reception to the children. There was a short program and refreshments were served. A good time was enjoyed by all.

M. E. TAYLOR, Sup't.

The Roll at St. Johnsbury, Vt., is a "bright and shining light." Twenty-nine members have been enrolled and \$6.14 contributed. Rally Day was held in June. A rainy day hindered many from coming, but the interest is very good and the mothers enjoy it very much. Mrs. E. S. Smith is the superintendent.

The Cradle Roll of Little Light Bearers of the Free Baptist church, Fort Fairfield, Me., held their "Rally and Roll Call" in the vestry, July 18. About twenty children were present and nearly as many

mothers. Each child, on coming in, was presented with a bouquet of sweet peas.

The meeting opened with singing, reading of Scriptures, by Superintendent, and prayer by our pastor's wife, (Mrs. Trafton). A very interesting program of recitations, interspersed with graphophone selections, was given by the Advanced Light Bearers. A solo was sung by one of the children, which all enjoyed. Then came the opening of the mite boxes which contained nearly five dollars. Light refreshments were then served. Three new members were added. We all returned to our homes feeling that it had been good for us to be there.

(MRS.) RUTH J. JONES, Supt.

Winnebago City Roll rallied at the home of the superintendent, June 24. The mothers came and all the children. Swings were put up and ice cream and cake served. There were eleven Little Light Bearers and four Advanced and \$3.18 were given. Sarah Smith is its faithful superintendent.

All of the Northern Kansas Rolls have held rallies. At Hickory Grove the Little Light Bearers are flourishing, with fourteen members and more to be added. Annual gathering was held in July for the mite box opening, and from these \$3.00 was taken. There was a short program of songs and recitations. Rev. Mrs. Thurlowe gave a talk upon the object of the Cradle Roll. After the program, a lunch was heartily enjoyed by the children. Twenty-six were present—ten members and sixteen guests. About five o'clock all departed, feeling the afternoon well spent.

(MRS.) MELESSA MCGREGOR.

The annual Cradle Roll Rally and Mothers' Meeting of the West Falmouth Free Baptist church was held at the church, Sept. 7. I am sure a brighter group of Little Light Bearers could not be found. We listened to a most interesting program, prepared by the superintendent and well carried out by the children, under her direction. After an organ voluntary, Scripture was read by Miss Minnie Pearson, and prayer offered by Mrs. Washburn, followed by an excellent address by the superintendent. Then came readings and solos by members of the Helping Hands, and several recitations by the Little Light Bearers, and the graduation exercises, when three of the little ones became Advanced Light Bearers, or Helping Hands. The little graduates marched to the platform led by a little girl from each band, who carried banners with the letters C. R. and A. L. B. The Helping Hands, with waving handkerchiefs, sang "Bright Jewels." A prayer was then repeated by the little ones. The pastor gave a five minute talk to the mothers, and closed the service with prayer.

After the exercises, ice cream and cake were served on the lawn

at the parsonage. The superintendent of this Roll is Miss Minnie Pearson, who has given faithful and loving service since it was organized in 1900.

MYRA D. KELLEY.

South Danville, N. H., observed Cradle Roll Day, the fourteenth of July, at the vestry, with a good attendance. After some exercises, we organized a Roll of Advanced Light Bearers by graduating ten of the Little Light Bearers. A few new members were enrolled, leaving us with twenty members, at present, in our Roll. Following the exercises, a photograph of the children was taken and lunch served. A good collection was taken from the boxes, the largest amount from one box being ninety cents and the total from eighteen boxes, \$6.11. We were much pleased to see so much interest manifested and hope it may grow until all shall see the importance of this work.

JENNIE W. HILL, Sup't.

The Light Bearers at Ashland, N. H., rallied Sept. 30, at the church vestries. The pleasant Children's Room was furnished and decorated with plants and flowers for the day. Prevalence of illness kept many away, but nearly half our number were present—eighteen, with as many friends. No program was attempted, but friends came and went, mothers chatted, and the babies trotted about or played games in the sunshine. Several graduates were announced and we then were grouped on a large rug, at one of the church doors, for a photograph which proved very successful. Thereafter we went down under the trees to the dining rooms where plates of all sorts of dainty and curious cakes were served with cocoa. The mite boxes had been opened on a silver plate and, one by one, little parties drifted away, but we were left with a lovely memory and awakening anticipation of "next time."

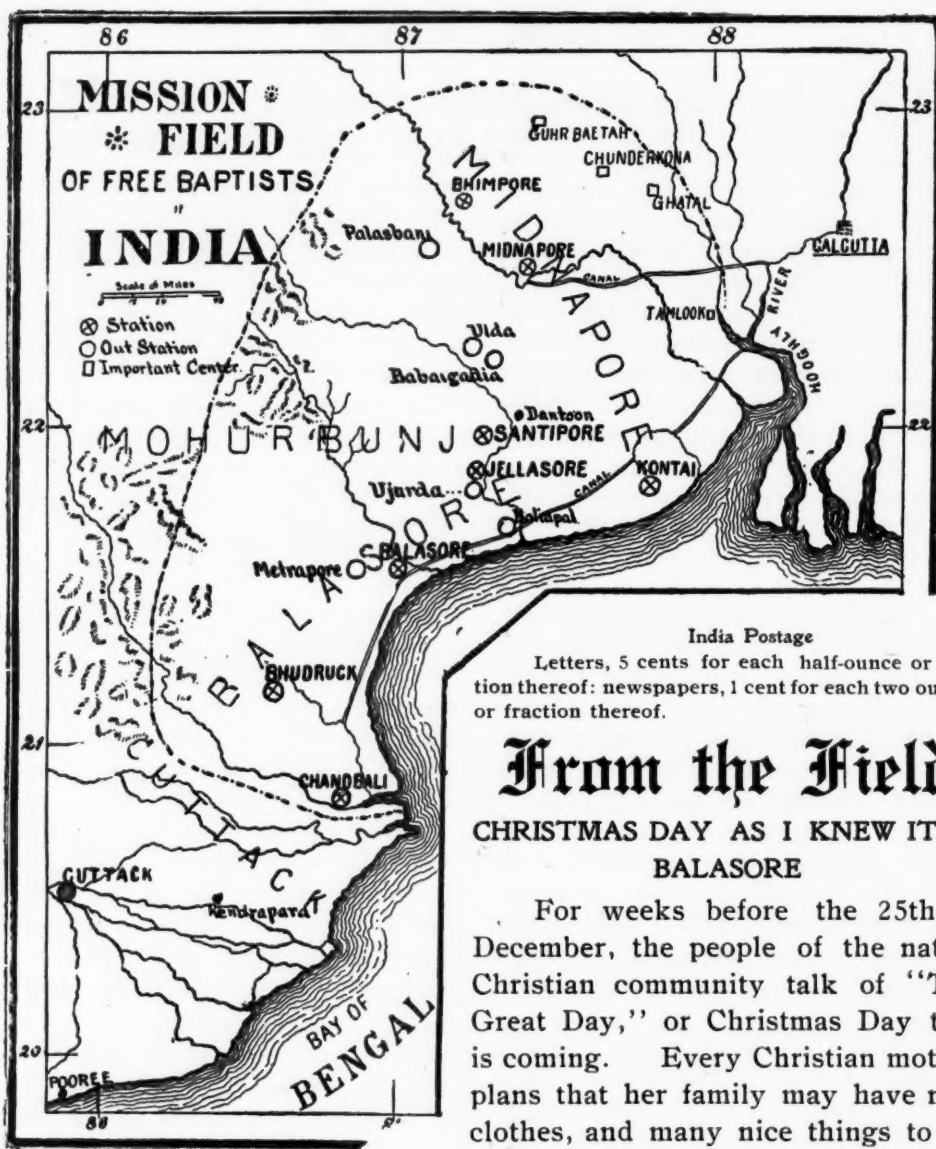
Before we meet again, Annual Meeting and New Year will have passed. Let us all be lovingly faithful to our work.

Your Secretary,

ADA M. L. GEORGE.

Ashland, N. H.

"Challenge the darkness, whatso'er it be—
Sorrow's thick darkness, or strange mystery
Of prayer or providence! Persist intent,
And thou shalt find Love's veiled sacrament:
Some secret revelation, sweetness, light,
Waits to waylay the wrestler of the night.
In the thick darkness, at its very heart,
Christ meets, transfigured, souls He calls apart."



buttons, a new slate or a handkerchief. Each boy is also allowed something from his own savings (if he has anything) to spend for Christmas. Some of the boys spend all for themselves, but they are few and unpopular. I have known a boy to have no money and others to share with him. We let them spend their Christmas money as they please, the older boys going to the shops with the younger ones. I, "Mama," knew about most of the purchases.

The boys have different food on that day, but not a big dinner. That was given some time in January. As many had friends and would be invited out to spend the day, we had the "big dinner" when all could be together. A kind of peas, cooked with rice, was that day's dinner; as they did not have it often, it was a treat. By night they would not be very hungry as they had had so many good things to eat. The girls at the Orphanage also had a better dinner than usual.

The church is prettily decorated with pictures and palms. A Christmas Tree stands in one corner, and in the center of the platform two broad step-ladder arrangements, laden with gifts, clothing for the poor and sweets for all the Sunday School children, generally four kinds of sweets, done up in paper, so as to be sure each one will get the same amount. These "sweets" are different from our candy and not so convenient to put in bags. The Orphanage children have had their presents at home.

The program for the evening has singing, several addresses, and some recitations by the children. One address tells of our Saviour's birth and of how much it means to us. Many a Hindu is listening and thus hears the gospel. Some years the singing is in several languages and the address in English, Bengali and Oriya. Quite a number of the well educated native gentlemen and English residents come in to the church for the evening. They understand the English address. Every child in the Christian community is present, also the father and mother. New clothes, oftentimes very bright, are seen on nearly every child. Many of the homes are decorated with bright colored paper and big yellow marigolds. Mothers cook very fine things that day. Some of the dainties (?) find their way to the mission houses. A little boy or girl will come and bring a big brass plate upon which are some "dainties" covered with a red handkerchief. We thank them and perhaps make the child a present of a pice or two (half or one cent.)

More is made of Christmas than any other day of the year by our Christian people, and late at night, the tired but happy ones go to rest; glad that there is a Saviour, that we can remember his birth, and that there has again been a chance to tell the story.

ELMIRA J. HAMLEN.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN THE PUNJAB

MISSION SCHOOL, AMBALA CANTONMENT,

Punjab, India, Sept. 7, 1905.

Dear Mrs. Whitcomb:—

Our Heavenly Father, who always does what is good for us, willed that I should leave Midnapore. I only submitted to His will, although I was very sorry to part with the dear school girls, who gave me a pretty silk handkerchief, at the farewell meeting, as a token of their love.

A fortnight after our arrival here there was a dreadful earthquake in the Punjab which will never be forgotten by those who felt it. It was cool then. Early in the morning, about 6 o'clock, we felt the great shock and left the house, having no time to think of taking anything to protect us from the out-door chill. I was up and dressed, so had only to take up my little two and a half months baby, from her bed, in one arm, and drag Dorcas Emily with the other hand, to get away from the house. Outside we were like seagull on the sea breast. We were obliged to sit down, for the severe shock and the chill. The shock lasted for five minutes; but we could not move from the place for fifteen minutes, as our heads began to swim and the ground seemed to be unsettled. That shock was not enough for that day, for it came again and again, about five or six times, but not so long and severe as the first. The general topic of conversation on that day was the earthquake. Every one waited patiently to lose his life, for the rumor went about that there would be another shock at midnight. All the Europeans and natives left their houses and slept in the open air. The rumor was true, for there was a slight shock at night. Had there been another severe shock, like the first, all the houses of the Punjab would have been leveled to the ground, for by the first shock all the brick built houses were more or less damaged and the mud houses knocked down. The two hill stations, Kaugra and Dharmasala, were leveled to the ground. The former had a population of 5,000, of which about 4,000 were buried alive; and the latter, a military station, had some European and native regiments, of which a Gurkha regiment was buried alive by the fall of the barracks. There were many European officers, civilians and missionaries who went there for a change, also buried alive. A Christian with his wife and children were under the debris for three days. On the third day he and his wife were taken alive, but the children were killed. There were no clergymen to bury the dead. A bridge near the city being broken by the earthquake, the whole village was washed away in no time.

At a distance of about sixteen miles from Kaugra there is a flame which has been in existence for time immemorial. There is a temple over it, built by Akbar, the Great Mogul, in order to please the Hindu Rajas of the hills. It is believed that an internal commotion there caused

the earthquake. A few days before the dreadful occurrence the flame rose very high and the priest, through fear, left the place. Hindus offer goats, sweets and other things to the flame and worship it. Dharm-sala has been abandoned and Kaugra is to be abandoned also.

Yours Sincerely,

RACHEL BOSE.

TREASURER'S NOTES

New Auxiliary—Curtis Memorial church, Harper's Ferry, West Va.

The new year of the F. B. Woman's Missionary Society opens hopefully, particularly because the year ending August 31 closed auspiciously, and the coming annual meeting is full of promise that such action will be taken as will bring the general conference and the woman's society into closer relationships. On the other hand, there are hard problems to face, especially the needs of the MISSIONARY HELPER. I trust the coming year will witness an active campaign in its behalf—more subscribers, and a fully paid up list should be the aim of agents, and will not each worker take a hand in being responsible for one or more subscribers?

Mrs. Coralie Franklin Cook has begun her work in the South by organizing a society in the Storer college church. Remember in your prayers her work among our churches. Now is the time for auxiliaries to set membership committees at work, for the purpose of getting new members and collecting dues. Why not make a thorough canvass of the church, inviting every woman, young and old, to become members, and to take a hand in making auxiliary meetings interesting. If present plans carry, I have something more to say, along this line, but I must "possess my soul in patience!"

I attended the annual convention of the Maine Association at Rockland, the last week of September. There was a good attendance of women at the meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society. It was a delight to meet the young women who are assuming responsibilities. The beloved president, Mrs. Couzins, gave an excellent annual address, and the efficient treasurer, Mrs. Thurlough, made a very encouraging report. In spite of opposing conditions, the receipts for the year are larger than for any year save last year. The report of the agent of the MISSIONARY HELPER was the only discordant note, as that showed a falling off in the number of subscribers. Following this was a long discussion of its needs, and attention was called to the increased expense

in printing it. How is this expense to be met? It was finally decided that, so far as Maine is concerned, an effort will be made to get women to pledge five subscribers or more, for a term of five years. These women are to furnish five new subscribers, without conflicting with the work of local agents, for the first year, and to see that these, or substitutes, pay yearly for the five years. This resulted in getting thirteen such pledges. Think of what it would mean to have one hundred such women behind our HELPER for the coming five years—a new life put into our subscription list, more interest in missionary work and possibly more auxiliaries! I propose to tell this plan to our general society, and if it is endorsed I shall have more to say about it, later on. One hundred or more pledged women is the standard I have raised. We missed the presence of Mrs. White, the corresponding secretary, who was detained at home by family illness. Owing to the resignation of Mrs. Dodge, Mrs. R. M. F. Buzzell was elected secretary. The Maine W. M. S. has a very efficient board of officers, and opens its new year with a favorable outlook.

How can I persuade the friends of our society that the monthly request which I make for money orders to be made payable at Dover, N. H., means something? Some one may answer by saying "give us the reason why you do it and then we will know what it means." Well it is this: the office at Ocean Park is so small that it cannot handle all the money orders of the W. M. S., so they must be made payable at Dover, N. H., where I do my banking business, sending the orders to the bank for collection the same as I do checks. Please make all money orders payable at Dover, N. H. If this growing tendency to send money orders to the Ocean Park office is not stopped, I shall be obliged to return them to the senders to be exchanged at their expense.

The daughters of dear Mrs. Porter have contributed money to the Susan A. Porter Memorial Fund. Remember that the income of this fund is for the literature work, which was so very dear to her heart. I hope that friends who have so often responded to her solicitations will hear her still speaking in behalf of this branch of our missionary work. Dr. Smith, our treasurer in India, has sent a financial statement of the Kindergarten Hall, and of the new well at Sinclair Orphanage. It shows that after payment of all bills, there is left about \$335 of Mr. Stone's contribution, which he has directed us to put to the credit of Kindergarten work. This means the passage and an outfit of a new teacher

when she is found—where is she? The well cost \$269, of which Mr. and Mrs. Stone will give \$192, and the rest has been contributed by friends, through efforts of the missionaries.

As usual, our September receipts have been very limited, and unless October does the unusual thing we shall need large contributions for November, which will be the last month in the first quarter. If quarterly dues are collected all along the line, and friends make generous contributions, the receipts, with the aid of part of our reserve, will meet the demands. Don't, dear sisters, neglect this very important part of our work just now, which is to get new members and collect dues. At the Maine convention the need of observing the Quiet Hour was emphasized in the resolutions. If we will only stop at ten o'clock just for a few moments of quiet surrender to our Father's will, how it will steady our thoughts, and calm our rushing impulses and set in motion spiritual force that will tell in all the day, and on our work, whatever it may be.

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treasurer.*

Ocean Park, Maine.

BUREAU OF MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE

It is noted that a set of six pictures, price 5 cents, is published to accompany "Young Explorers in Africa," the book for the Juniors advertised on cover of October HELPER.

The set of eight books advertised as a reference library on Africa, consists of "Dawn in the Dark Continent," or Africa and its missions by James Stewart, D. D., M. D., cloth \$2.00 net; "Fetichism in West Africa," forty years' observations of native customs and superstitions by Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, M. D., S. T. D., illustrated, \$2.50 net; "The Redemption of Africa," a story of civilization, by Frederic Perry Noble, 2 vols., cloth \$4.00; "Daybreak in Livingstonia," the story of the Livingstonia mission, British Central Africa, by James W. Jack, M. A., illustrated, cloth \$1.50; "The Price of Africa," a biographical study of four great missionaries of Africa, by S. Earl Taylor, illustrated 50 cents; "Christus Liberator," by Ellen C. Parsons, cloth, 50 cents; "Tropical Africa," by Henry Drummond, L. L. D., F. R. S. E., F. G. S., illustrated, \$1.00.

These eight books, the publisher's price of which is \$12.00, are offered in sets for \$5.00. Money must accompany orders. The sets can not be broken. These books are sent by express at purchaser's expense.

Send orders to

MRS. A. D. CHAPMAN,
12 Prescott St., Lewiston, Maine.

Helps for Monthly Meetings

"With knowledge to supply the fuel, the Word and Spirit to add the spark, and prayer to fan the flame, missionary fires will be kindled, and souls will be set ablaze with holy zeal."

✻ ✻ ✻

TOPICS FOR 1905-1906

October—Roll-call and Membership.
November—Outline Study of Africa:
1. The Dark Continent.
December—2. The Nile Country.
January—3. West Africa.
February—Prayer and Praise.
March—Free Baptist Home Missions.
April—4. East Africa.
May—Thank-Offering.
June—5. Congo State and Central Africa.
July—6. South Africa.
August—Missionary Field Day.
September—Free Baptist Foreign Missions.

DECEMBER.—THE NILE COUNTRY, ABYSSINIA, NORTH AFRICA.

(*Christus Liberator*, Chapter II.)

Note for November Meeting.—The change from January to October for the beginning of our missionary study makes two months' topics conflict; but our suggestive programs will soon be adjusted to the change. With the map of Africa, set of pictures, and "Outlines of Lectures on Christus Liberator," given at Northfield (See price list on cover of October HELPER) as aids to the text-book, any auxiliary will have ample material for the opening meeting, the purpose of which should be to get a clear idea of Africa: its geography, its people and its great need. A map study should be an important feature.

Suggestive Program

"The world is waiting for witnesses, for the manifestation of the children of God, whether in a great city or in the dark habitations of cruelty in Africa."

Opening Exercises:—Christmas hymn; Scripture Reading, Luke 2, 1-20; Prayer.

Current Topic:—Christmas at Home and Abroad. (See articles in this number about how some of our missionaries have spent Christmas in India. Ask a member to be prepared to give a few practical suggestions as to how we, as Christian workers, can help manifest the Christ spirit at this time, in our own church, town, mission field, and in the "Sunshine" work.)

The Monthly Bulletin, published by the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, gives the following outline for the study of the second chapter of *Christus Liberator*:

Aim:—To realize the contributions of this country to Christianity in the past; the difficulties confronting Christian mission at present; the progress already made, and the outlook for the future.

I. Scripture Lessons:—Africa in the Bible. (Matt. 2: 13-15; Matt. 27: 32; Acts 8: 27-39, and others.) Map Lesson. Historical Review.

II. A Series of Pictures:

SHADOWS

The Slave Trade.
The Liquor Traffic.
False Religions.

LIGHTS

British Occupation.
Christian Missions.
Education.

(Five minutes should be the limit for each picture. The shadows should be made as dark and realistic as possible. Assign the topics to women of strong sympathy, who will show the conditions *as they are*, thus emphasizing the need of Christian effort.)

III. A Prayer Service.

Dr. Johnson wisely said: "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything." Life is made up of little things. It is but once in an age that occasion is offered for a great deed. True greatness exists in being great in little things. We should be willing to do a little good at a time, and never wait to do a great deal of good at once. If we would do much good in little things—little acts one after another, speaking a word here, giving help there, setting a good example at all times; we must do the first best thing we can and then the next, and so keep on doing.—*Scottish Reformer*.

I would have everyone carefully consider whether he has ever found God fail him in trial, when his own heart had not failed him; and whether he has not found strength greater and greater given him according to his day; whether he has not gained clear proof on trial, that he has a divine power lodged within him, and a certain conviction withal that he has not made extreme trial of it or reached its limits. Grace ever outstrips prayer.—*Newman*.

THE MISSIONARY HELPER BRANCH

OF THE

International Sunshine Society

Have you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on.

'Twas not given for you alone—

Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years.

Let it wipe another's tears.

Till in heaven the deed appears,

Pass it on.

ALL letters, packages, or inquiries concerning this page, or Sunshine work, should be addressed to Mrs. Rivington D. Lord, 593 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., president of this branch.

Mrs. B. A. Parker sent a box of "Eternal revenue stamps;" they are carefully collected scripture verses, and very gladly received, we return thanks to the giver. This is only one of many sunshine acts since she became a member of our Branch.

Mrs. J. F. Thurston, although having passed through very severe sickness in the past few months, has worked with her class of young people, and many boxes of fruit, jelly, cards, etc., have been sent to the sick and shut-ins. She sent twenty cents as Branch dues for herself and mother, Mrs. L. A. Fuller.

Mrs. E. N. Wheeler caused us to rejoice with her on her sixtieth birthday, as she gave a stamp for each year of her useful life. She writes "that she enjoys the good cheer work," and requests that a friend, Mrs. W. R. Rose of Flint, Mich., be enrolled.

Mrs. Jennie A. Johnston sent in ten cents and the name of Mrs. Caroline T. Grow of Faulkner, Okla., who is a widow, living alone most of the time, and would be pleased to receive sunshine letters and reading matter.

A letter of appreciation has been received from Mrs. Ernest Nicklin of Effingham, N. H. She wishes to thank those who have sent literature and letters, especially a Portland member.

The pen friends of Mrs. Adelia J. Fiske will note the change in her address from Whitefield, N. H. to Ingleside, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

Mrs. A. B. Webber has been using her talents for the I. S. S. as she gave a talk before the W. C. T. U. and through her efforts one dollar was sent to The Day Nursery; she has also interested the following persons, Mrs. Lizzie Hubbard, Mercy Kennett, Lydia Gilman, Lizzie James, Martha Stevens, Judith Young, Amelia Merrick, Sabra Wells of Somersworth, N. H., and Mrs. Emma Kennett of Malden, Mass., who have become members of the HELPER Branch.

We trust our members will not forget the request in the October HELPER for the water-bed (for our invalid in New Jersey) which will cost about twenty dollars. If a large number give a little, it will not be a great burden. Twenty-five cents was given by Mrs. Nettie Fowler, who was the first one to respond to this urgent sunshine need.

CHRISTMAS

The holidays will soon be here and as all of you are planning for loved ones and friends, set aside a sunshine gift, or a few stamps, so that the shut-in members, at least, may be cheered; then we know your Christmas will be all the brighter.

GATHER SUNSHINE

Some persons are like the human heart, inasmuch as they sprinkle rest and kindness and heart's ease all through their daily tasks. They weave a bright thread of thankful happiness through the web and woof of life's pattern. They are never too busy to say a kind word or to do a gentle deed. They may be compelled to sigh betimes, but amid their sighs are smiles that drive away the cares. They find sunbeams scattered in the trail of every cloud. They gather flowers where others see nothing but weeds. They pluck little sprigs of rest where others find only thorns of distress.

Like the human heart, they make much of the little opportunities presented to them. They rest that they may have strength for others. They gather sunshine with which to dissipate the shadows about them.

The grandest conception of life is to esteem it as an opportunity for making others happy. He who is most true to his higher self is truest to the race. The lamp that shines brightest gives the most light to all about it.—*Good Cheer.*

Practical Christian Living

"Christianity is not a voice in the wilderness, but a life in the world. It is not an idea in the air, but feet on the ground going God's way."



OUR QUIET HOUR

(10 A. M.)

Let us then labor for an inward stillness,
An inward stillness and an inward healing;
That perfect silence where the lips and heart
Are still, and we no longer entertain
Our own imperfect thoughts and vain opinions,
But God alone speaks in us, and we wait
In singleness of heart that we may know
His will, and in the silence of our own spirits,
That we may do His will, and that only.

—Longfellow.

LESS WORK, MORE POWER.—There is no need in this busy age and country to impress the necessity of action; there is a great and sore need to teach in this country today the lesson of the supreme importance of being. . . . The rising tide of good works ought not to be checked; "By their works ye shall know them"—but we must learn to keep the balance. We need an immense reserve capital of thought, knowledge, character, and experience. Behind good deeds there must be a great soul. . . . If we are to have more action, we must have more devotion. If we are to have the emphasis of the expression of the religious life in the service of man to man, we must not forget the old flame of prayer that went up through the Middle Ages and warmed the hearts of men. Richness, freshness, faith, youth—these are fed by the great fountains of religion, of nature, of human fellowship, of art, and these are the fountains that keep men young. It is the constant feeding of the growing interests which absorb them that keeps men and women young. These fountains lie all about us, but how few of us have access to them! In this age, in which the cry of the world and the call of duty rings like a telephone in every house, it is well to remember that the end of life is not in always running to a telephone because there is a good cause at the other end of it. There may be dissipation in good works just as in any other way, and people so deplete themselves by doing good works that they cease to have any spiritual power to give out or any freshness or vitality to diffuse. We must keep a zone of silence about our lives.

Every one of us needs an hour or two every day by ourselves. We need detachment from men, seclusion from the world. The great things come out of silence, not out of noise; and in this tumultuous age, with the clang of cable-car and the ringing of the telephone bell continually in our ears, we must hedge ourselves around with a zone of silence or every bit of spiritual power, of religion, of energy, and of divination of the Prophet will go out of us.—*Extracts from an article in The Outlook.*

NOTICE

The Foreign Missions' Industrial Association, 105 E. 22nd Street, New York City, would be glad to correspond with missionaries engaged in any line of industrial work, or any people who are selling articles made in mission lands, for the benefit of Missions.

THE FORWARD LOOK

Earnest men and women today have little time for looking backward. Facing the future they "forget the things which are behind," and look forward in hopeful anticipation to [the marvelous possibilities of "the things which are before." Paul's picture is striking and vivid. The runner, after a rigid course of training, now that the race has begun, attends to only one thing. Forgetting that part of the course already passed over, he strains every muscle, exerts every physical power, to the accomplishment of a single purpose—to reach the goal and win the prize.

An old deacon was accustomed to offer this prayer: "Help us to forget what we ought not to remember and to remember what we ought not to forget." A wise forgetfulness of some things that are past, is helpful to progress. He who is pursuing with all energy the great purpose of life cannot afford to have his attention diverted. The slow and painful effort by which the alphabet was mustered is for the scholar a thing of the past, to be forgotten. Forgiven sins need not be remembered after we have learned a lesson from the manner in which we were overtaken. Forget your enmities, the faults and peculiarities of others, the annoyances of life, the disagreeable things of the past; but remember past mercies and comforts and joys. Whatsoever things are lovely and of good report, think on these things. Do not glory in the good deeds of the past, but devote all the energy to greater achievements, looking forward to a future that is bright with promise for all earnest souls.—*New York Observer.*

Words from Home Workers

"The most fortunate men and women are those who have worthy work to do, and who do it because they love it."



MAINE:—The Maine Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society held its annual meeting in Rockland, Sept. 26 and 27. A goodly number was present, eagerly interested in the general work. The president, Mrs. Cousins, presided with her usual grace and tactfulness. The reports, though having some discouraging features—the effect of which should prompt us to be up and doing—were, on the whole, fraught with good cheer. The amount of money raised during the year is \$2,325.52. In common with other denominational publications, there has been a falling off of subscribers for our beloved HELPER—certainly not from any lack of merit in itself, but want of loyalty in those whom it would serve. After an earnest consideration of ways and means, a baker's dozen each pledged to be responsible for five new subscriptions. Keep the ball rolling, please; the financial gain will be but a small part of the result. A list of the officers elected, with their addresses, will be in the annual report number, (Dec.) At the public meeting, on Wednesday, Miss DeMeritte gave an earnest address urging her hearers to work faithfully in the place where, in the providence of God, they might be found, be it small or great. Collection, \$8.05.

R. M. F. BUZZELL, *Secretary.*

VERMONT:—The Vermont Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society held its annual business meeting at Washington, in September. Some features of the work have been very encouraging the past year, and others somewhat discouraging. The report of the treasurer showed the full amount of receipts for the year to be \$372.85. We sincerely hope that every sister in Vermont who reads this will remember that the salary of Dr. Shirley Smith, which we have assumed to raise, is \$400; and that each will make a strenuous effort to have her church apportionment fully met the coming year, that there may be no deficit. One new Junior Society was reported from Shady Rill church. A letter was read from Miss DeMeritte stating the urgent need for an increased circulation of the HELPER, as a result of which the following resolution was passed: "As the expense of printing the HELPER is more than formerly, therefore:

"*Resolved*, That we will use our utmost endeavor to increase the circulation of the same, and ask our state secretary to request the Agent of the HELPER in each church to do all possible to help on the work."

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Miss Anna A. Cummings, Middlesex; secretary and treasurer, Miss Hattie L. Parker, North Danville; agent for HELPER, Mrs. Lydia W. Blake, Sutton; secretary of Cradle Roll, Mrs. L. W. Pease, Wheelock. An interesting public meeting was held Saturday evening, Sept. 9. It opened with a song service conducted by Rev. E. Merrill, after which Scripture was read by Mrs. J. D. Waldron, and prayer offered by Mrs. N. F. Harding. A stirring address was given by Rev. H. M. Ford, from the text, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel." The offering was \$6.03.

HATTIE L. PARKER, *Secretary*.

"They might not need me—
 Yet they might;
 I'll let my heart be
 Just in sight;
 A smile as small
 As mine might be
 Precisely their
 Necessity."

When Augustine, a great champion of the faith once delivered to the saints, was a young man, his habits were very dissolute. When he avowed his purpose to go to Rome, his mother, Monica, prayed earnestly that he might be prevented, apprehending that in so corrupt a city he might be led on by surrounding temptations to utter ruin. Notwithstanding all her entreaties, her son went to Rome; and thence, on recommendation of a friend, he passed on to Milan, and was there converted to the truth under the ministry of Ambrose. "Thou, O my God!" he says, "didst give her not what she asked then; but by refusing that, didst give what she was always asking."—*Selected*.

Those love truth best who to themselves are true,
 And what they dare to dream of dare to do.

—Lowell.

Juniors

THE LITTLE ONES OF BETHLEHEM

The little ones of Bethlehem
Had gone to Slumberland,
But on the hill the shepherds still
Kept watch, a faithful band.

The shepherds on the hillside green
Saw angels in the sky,
And glory bright shone through the night
While praises rose on high.

The little ones of Bethlehem
Knew not, that starry night,
The Babe who lay upon the hay
Was Jesus, Prince of Light.

Wake, little ones of Bethlehem!
Let all the children sing:
The angels say on Christmas day,
"Behold your Saviour-King!"

—E. E. Hewett.

Suggestive Program for December

The Wise Men's Gifts and ours. (Matt. 2: 11; Prov. 23: 26.)
Singing—"Christmas Gladness." (*Many Little Voices*, page 147.)
Scripture Reading.

Prayer—Followed by the Lord's Prayer in song:

Our Father in heaven, we hallow thy name;
May thy kingdom holy on earth be the same.
O give to us daily our portion of bread;
It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.
Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know
That humble compassion which pardons each foe.
Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory forever. Amen. —Selected.
(Tune: "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.")

Recitation—"The Little Ones of Bethlehem." The story of the wise men and their gifts, by one of the juniors.

Our Gifts—(At this point the leader might tell simply and briefly "The Story of the Other Wise Man," by Dr. Van Dyke, dwelling on the fact that service for others is a gift to the Christ.)

Recitation:

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek the mercy seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger, rude and bare,
So may we, with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring
Christ! to thee our Heavenly King.

—Selected.

How Some of Our Friends Spend Christmas in India. (See articles by Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. Hamlen.)

Christmas Offering for Missions.

Recitation—"For Others."

A little love, a little work,
A little thoughtful care,
Will help us at this Christmas-tide,
To give to all a share.

So, let us give with glad good will
Some presents, though but small,
And help as many as we can,
For Christmas is for all.—Selected.

Singing—"Jesus the Light of the World."

Contributions

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Receipts for September, 1905

MAINE

Brunswick, 1st F. B. Ch. for Miss Coombs	\$10 00
Dover, Mrs. Eliza J. Lambert, F. M.	1 00
Lewiston, Pine St. Ch., Mrs. S. B. Stevens for Miss Coombs	1 00
Ocean Park, Toilers-by-the-Sea	2 00
Ocean Park, Toilers-by-the-Sea	1 00
Parsonsfield Aux. dues	3 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Alton, C. R. dues 75c; mite boxes \$165	\$ 2 40
Centre Sandwich Aux.	7 00
Dover H. H. & F. M. Soc. for Miss S. Little- field	10 00
Somersworth Aux. for Bessie Peckham School	13 00
Somersworth, a friend for passage of Missionaries	1 00
Whitefield Aux. Dom. Sci. Storer	10 00

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston, Mrs. Frances Stewart Mosher	\$ 2 00
Lowell, Chelmsford St. Aux.	6 25
Peabody, Daughters of Mrs. Susan Pres- cott Porter for Susan P. Porter Mem'l Fund; \$1.00 bal. L. M. Sadai Prescott Porter; \$14.00 on L. M. of Ethie A. Porter	15 00

RHODE ISLAND

Carolina Jun. C. E., Miss Barnes	\$ 4 00
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NEW YORK

Gibson Q. M. W. M. S., for nat. teacher	\$ 2 60
W. Oneonta F. B. Ch. W. M. S. for Pulmoni	15 00

PENNSYLVANIA

Troga Co. Q. M. W. M. S. for Bible woman Besu at Midnapore	\$ 9 00
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OHIO

For F. M.	\$ 5 00
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INDIANA

Prairie F. B. Miss. Soc. of Brookston for Mid. Boys' School in charge of Miss Butts	\$12 50
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ILLINOIS

Campbell Hill Jr. C. E. Miss Barnes	\$ 8 00
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MICHIGAN

Batavia Aux., F. M. Dr. B.	\$ 6 15
Battle Creek, Mrs. Harriet P. Stone for well at S. O.	50 00
Columbiaville, Mrs. E. N. Wheeler, T. O.	1 00
Hillsdale, Miss E. E. Barnes for Miss Daw- son's salary	1 00

MINNESOTA

Brainard W. M. S. \$4.25 H. M.; \$4.25 F. M.	\$ 8 50
Winona F. B. W. M. S., F. M.	8 00
Winnebago City Aux.	10 50
Winnebago Q. M. W. M. S., Miss Coombs' outfit and passage	3 80
Winnebago F. B. S. S., Miss Barnes	2 70
Winona and Houston Q. M.	2 50

IOWA

Estherville Aux. for Miss Scott	\$13 00
Spencer S. S. Birthday money Miss Barnes	4 00

KANSAS

Salem, C. R.	\$ 2 75
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CALIFORNIA

Oakland F. B. Ch.	\$ 3 50
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NOVA SCOTIA

N. S. Miss. Soc. \$5.00 Zenana; \$6.00 for C. R. and \$50.00 for any object Mrs. Mary Phillips may designate	\$61 00
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PROVINCE QUEBEC

Coaticooke, O. M. Moulton	\$10 00
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MISCELLANEOUS

Int. Starbird Fund \$6.15 S. O.; \$6.16 W. H.	12 31
Sinclair Mem'l	20
Income Working Funds for Inc. Fund	20 00
Sale Hdks for W. H.	2 80

Total \$364 46

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.
Ocean Park, Me.
Per EDYTH R. PORTER, Asst. Treas.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath the sum of ——— to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, a corporation of the State of Maine.

